

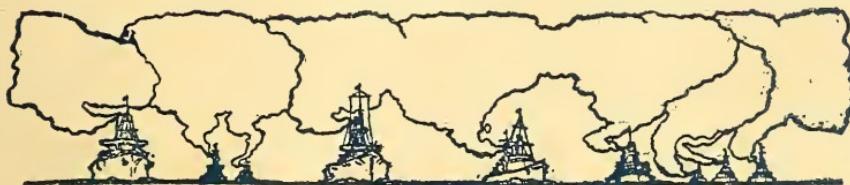
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The Man Without A Country

GOOD PLAYS
And
ENTERTAINMENTS
Suited to School
Use



THE WORLD'S CHRONICLE,
542 S. DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL.



"The Man Without A Country"

By Edward Everett Hale

Dramatized by the Van Vlissingen School, Chicago, Ill.

Lillian Farnum, Head Assistant and member of the Betsy Ross camp,
Daughters of Veterans.

Jennie Waalkes, Eighth Grade, chairman of the committee on Civics,
Roseland Woman's club.

George A. Brennan, Principal, Historian Sons of the Illinois Society
Sons of the American Revolution.

This drama was first presented at the graduation exercises of the Van
Vlissingen School, Chicago, January 27, 1916, and was received with intense
enthusiasm by the large audience.

On Washington's Birthday it was repeated at Palmer Park with nearly
all the patriotic societies of the city present, including those from the
societies of Colonial Wars to the United Spanish War Veterans, under
whose auspices the meeting was held. Probably no local gathering ever
brought out a larger array of generals and other military celebrities. The
audience was wildly enthusiastic, and asked that this **Patriotic Play** be
published and put upon the market as soon as possible, its manifest influ-
ence for good being so markedly evidenced.

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OCT -7 1916

"The Man Without A Country"

DRAMATIZATION BY THE FEBRUARY, 1916, CLASS OF
THE VAN VLissingen SCHOOL, CHICAGO

Suggestions—

Play may readily be adapted to a large or a small class. Those who are not active participants may take part in the chorus.

Stage setting may be very simple. If possible have an ingenious boy arrange a pair of sails at rear of stage, which may be raised or lowered at command of the captain.

If there be no curtain have sailors shift scenes.

Time of presentation about one hour.

Four general rehearsals needed.

Costumes—

Officers' costumes can be modeled after Butterick pattern No. 6235.

Material, tan cambric for knee trousers, vest, and cuffs, collar and buttons for the coat. Blue cambric for coat.

Lace ruffles at throat and wrist.

Knee buckles of tin, or cardboard covered with silver paper, at knees and on slippers.

Philip Nolan's suit like the other officers' suits except that the buttons are to be removed after the court scene, as he is called "Plain buttons" in the story. Trimming will

be of red, as he was an artillery officer.

The captain should have a uniform made entirely of dark blue cambric. He should wear a cap.

The colonial costumes of Mrs. Graff and her companions are made of any inexpensive flowered material, after Butterick pattern No. 6169.

Sailors' suits made as simply as possible, consisting of blouse and trousers.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE—

Philip Nolan.

Judge.

Captain.

Marshal.

Bailiff.

Messenger.

Mrs. Graff.

Danforth.

First Speaker.

Second Speaker.

Ladies, Officers, Marines.

Chorus—"A Vow."

(Modern Music Series; Second Book, page 159.)

ACT I

First Speaker: "The Man Without a Country" was written by Edward Everett Hale in 1863 to show what it means to be without a country.

It was written in the darkest period of the Civil War.

Philip Nolan was a fine young officer in the Legion of the West, the name given to the western division of our army. There he met Aaron Burr in 1805. Burr fascinated poor Nolan, and before long had him turn traitor to the United States. He was tried at Fort Adams, was found guilty, and when asked whether he had anything to say for himself, cursed the United States, and wished he might never hear her name again.

Court Scene—

Judge seated at table, with quill pen, papers, and law books. Officers seated at left, marshal standing at his right, and bailiff with gun guarding the door.

Judge: Officers, you have heard the testimony in this case. What is your opinion thereof?

First Officer (rising): I believe him guilty!

Second Officer (rising): His wish should be granted. He should never hear of nor see the United States again.

Judge: Are you all agreed?

First Speaker: We are!

Judge (turning to marshal): Mr. Marshal, bring the prisoner in!

(Marshal passes order on to bailiff, who leaves room and returns with prisoner.)

Judge: Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again.

(Nolan laughs mockingly.)*

Judge: Disarm the prisoner.

(Marshal removes Nolan's sword and places it on the table.)

Judge (turning to marshal): Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there.

Marshal (to bailiff): Take the prisoner into the outer room until further orders.

Judge: Mr. Marshal, see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day.

(All leave the stage except the judge, who remains writing for a few moments.)

ACT II

Scene on Shipboard

Enter Captain and sailors.

Captain: Set the sails! Hoist the flag!

Sailors: Ay, ay, sir! Yeo ho! (Business of pulling ropes while officer sings his calls.)
(Captain peers through spy glass. Messenger enters with sealed letter. Salutes Captain and delivers letter. Exit messenger.)

Captain (opening letter and reading): Sir: You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army.

This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might "never hear of the United States again."

The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there, with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Respectfully yours,

W. SOUTHDARD,

For the Secretary of the Navy.

ACT III

Second Speaker: The boat on which Nolan was staying was having a duel with the English. A round shot from the enemy entered the port's square and knocked down the officer of the gun and almost every man of the gun's crew. As the men who were not killed picked themselves up and as the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan in his shirt sleeves and showed the men an easier and quicker way in which to handle heavy shot. When the officer came up, Nolan touched his hat and said, "I am showing them how we do in the artillery, sir."

The officer thanked Nolan and said, "I will never forget this day."

Scene—Presentation of Sword

(Captain, marshal, and several officers on board ship.)

Captain: Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here. (Exit marshal and re-

turns with Mr. Nolan.)

Captain: Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the despatches.

(Captain takes off his sword and puts it on Nolan.)

Mr. Nolan: I appreciate this honor.

(Officers arrange themselves in groups for the next act.)

ACT IV

Scene 1

Dialogue with Mrs. Graff

(Mrs. Graff and her companions enter to the music of the Minuet. All arrange themselves in groups, with Mrs. Graff and Mr. Nolan near the center of the stage.)

Nolan: You see, I have not forgotten you, Miss Rutledge.

Mrs. Graff: I am no longer Miss Rutledge. Mr. Nolan, I am Mrs. Graff. I have been traveling a great deal since you saw me last. It is just a few days since I arrived in this port.

Nolan: Have you enjoyed your travels, Mrs. Graff?

Mrs. Graff: Yes indeed! I never in all my life thought there were so many wonderful things as I saw in Europe this summer.

Nolan: I suppose the Old World contains many wonders which are not surpassed in any other place. Which did you find the most wonderful, Mrs. Graff?

Mrs. Graff: Italy and France contain many wonderful works of men, but Switzerland has more natural beauties, I think.

Nolan: They certainly must be very wonderful, but I think there is no place which to my eyes would be more beautiful to view than Old Fort Adams. Home is a wonderful place, Mrs. Graff. By the way, have you heard anything from home lately?

Mrs. Graff: Home! Mr. Nolan! I thought you were the man who never wished to hear from home again.

(Ladies retire to the music of the Minuet.)

Scene 2

Nolan reading "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Nolan and officers on board ship engaged in various pastimes; some playing checkers, others reading or writing. The captain enters.)

Captain: Here is a new book, boys, to help while away the time. (Gives book to First Officer.)

First Officer reads:

The harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a-near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep.

Second Officer reads:

After due pause, they bade him tell
Why he, who touched the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

Now, Nolan, it is your turn.



THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

OMISSION

At the close of Act IV, Scene 3:
(Exit, Sailor.)
(Nolan seated in a dejected manner with his
head in his hands while chorus sings "Home,
Sweet Home," very softly.)



Nolan (takes a drink of water) reads brokenly:

The Aged Harper, howso'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,

(Nolan chokes and throws away the book.)

Scene 3

Story of the Slaves. (*Nolan and a sailor seated.*)

Nolan: Have you ever heard of that little incident in the south Atlantic when we overhauled a dirty little slave schooner?

Sailor: No, I have not, sir.

Nolan: It was a sight I never wish to see again.

Sailor: What happened? Were you out on a voyage with the aim of suppressing the indomitable slave trade, sir?

Nolan: Yes, we were, and the strangest part of it was that we had been left undisturbed by those never-ceasing Portuguese smugglers, a thing which rarely happened in those days. When we saw our prey, we chased it and finally caught it. Then a boat with some men and an officer were sent to take charge of this promoter of slavery. When the boat arrived the officer in charge immediately set his men at work transferring the hand and ankle cuffs from the negroes to the outwitted smugglers, but he soon found that he was to have a more difficult job with the negroes than he had expected. The negroes swarmed about as hornets disturbed from their nests and sent up some of the most mournful cries I ever heard.

Sailor: What was done about it?

Nolan: Vaughan tried several means of quieting them, but all in vain. First he gave them rum, then knocked the large leader down twice and finally talked Choctaw to them, which they understood no more than English.

Sailor: Weren't they in an awful predicament with negroes on their hands who could not be made to understand the language of their new friends?

Nolan: One would think so, but Vaughan hoped there might be someone on board the battleship who could speak Portuguese. Accordingly, he dispatched a message to the battleship asking for an interpreter. Then he sat on a barrel awaiting results while the unlucky smugglers were bemoaning their fate in irons.

Sailor: That served those treacherous Portuguese smugglers right, sir. Excuse me, sir, for interrupting.

Nolan: Well, as you might have guessed, it fell to my lot to go to the slave schooner

to act as an interpreter. Vaughan commanded his men to bring before me two fine looking giant Kroomen who had worked for the Portuguese on the coast of Fernando Po. Then he told me to tell the negroes that they were free, and I did so. They showed their appreciation strangely, as many ignorant natives of Africa do. They gave a yell of delight, clinched their fists, leaped, and danced, and kissed my feet. Then Vaughan, well pleased, told me to tell them he would take them to Cape Palmas. This did not suit us so well, because Cape Palmas was as far from the home of most of them as Rio De Janeiro is from New Orleans. Then Vaughan, seeing their displeasure, told me to tell them he would take them to the Mountains of the Moon if they wished to go there. They should go home. At this they rejoiced, but I could stand it no longer and left.

(Nolan pauses. They rise and Nolan puts his hand on the sailor's shoulder and says:) Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of our home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy, and for that flag (pointing to the ship), never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!

Sailor: I will, sir.

Nolan: O, if anybody had said so to me when I was your age!

ACT V

Scene 1. Death Scene.

(Nolan's stateroom. A large outline map of the United States on the wall partially filled in, to be completed by Danforth as he talks to *Nolan*. *Nolan* lying on a cot. Danforth enters.)

Nolan: O Danforth, I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely, you will tell me something now—Stop! Stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in

it now, Danforth, I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth, how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!

Danforth: Mr. Nolan, I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?

Nolan: God bless you! Tell me their names. The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope.

Danforth: Well, as you know, Ohio was admitted in 1803; then came Louisiana and Mississippi, as you guessed. And after that, Oregon, California, Kansas, Minnesota, Iowa, Arkansas, Alabama, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Texas.

Nolan: Why, is Texas in the Union? And Oregon and California also? That is the place where my cousin died and is buried. Then I was just going to ask about the Chesapeake; was Barron ever punished for surrendering?

Danforth: No, he was not. When you look back, those were trying days for this now glorious union.

Nolan: Yes they were. Did Burr ever try again? (Pause. Gritting of teeth.) God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him. What happened in the old war with England? I say, that was a great battle the day we took the Alert in eight minutes. Dear old David Porter certainly did show his colors that day. Have we had any other war since then?

Danforth: Yes, we had a war with Mexico. Scott marched clear over the country, while Taylor occupied the disputed territory.

Nolan: What was the cause?

Danforth: I forgot to tell you. Texas was annexed to the United States in 1845. Mexico claimed part of Texas. The United States substantiated the claim of Texas. Taylor was immediately sent to occupy the disputed territory, but was not allowed to occupy it peacefully. General Scott was commissioned to invade and subdue the proud Mexicans.

Nolan: Did the army show its colors?

Danforth: Yes, not a battle was lost. Finally the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo settled the war and Mexico ceded the disputed Texas territory, New Mexico, and California.

Nolan: Has that part of the country advanced under American rule?

Danforth: Yes, indeed! Most of that territory had enough population to be admitted as a state.

Nolan: Who is in command of the Legion of the West?

Danforth: A gallant young officer named Grant, who has just established his headquarters at Vicksburg.

Nolan: Where is Vicksburg? I have never heard of it.

Danforth (going to map): It is about 100 miles above Fort Adams. Fort Adams must be in ruins now.

Nolan: It must be at old Vick's plantation at Walnut Hills. Well, that is a change. Are large new forts replacing the old ones?

Danforth: Yes.

Nolan: Why is that? Has the population increased so immensely?

Danforth: Yes, at present there are about 34,000,000 people in the United States. After the great war in Europe the emigrants went to the land of peace, America.

Nolan: Who is president of the United States at present?

Danforth: Abraham Lincoln. Honest old Abe.

Nolan: Is honest Abe a son of Gen. Ben. Lincoln? I met Gen. Lincoln at an Indian treaty once.

Danforth: No, he is not. He has worked up from the ranks. He is a Kentuckian like yourself.

Nolan: Good for him. As I have brooded and wondered I saw that our only danger was in keeping those regular successions in the first families. (Pause.)

Nolan: Bring in the Presbyterian Book of Public Prayer.

(Danforth reads and Nolan repeats after him.)

Danforth (reading): For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness. Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority.

Nolan: I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years. I will now go to sleep. Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.

Scene 2

Nolan's stateroom. Enter Danforth. Steps to the table. Opens the Bible. Finds the slip of paper and reads:

Danforth: They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city. Bury me in the sea; it has been my home and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it: In Memory of Philip Nolan, Lieutenant in the Army of the United States. He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.

Chorus—"Anchored" (Watson).



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